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APRIL ISSUE, 1932

No. 1

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CLASS OF 1935

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Robert Vidair, New York, N. Y., Roosevelt High School
Bernard Zeigler, Bronx, N. Y., DeWitt Clinton High School
Max Zucker, New York, N. Y., Monroe High School

WELCOME, YOUNG MAN!



SOME months ago a young man in one of our big cities picked up a Farm School catalog and with much interest, read and reread the booklet. To begin with, the young man was interested in the catalog because it contained news about farming, a subject he knew little of, but contrasted to the smoke and hustle bustle of the city, seemed rather entertaining. He probably would not have given it much more thought had he not read that here was a school where young men from the cities—men like himself—were learning how to become farmers. The scenes of the school and the description of the course and activities started him thinking seriously.

That night he did not get much sleep. He "day-dreamed" in bed; he saw himself out in the open—haying, harvesting corn, caring for fruit trees, working with cattle, chickens and sheep.

Early the next morning this young person sent a letter to the President of the school asking for more information. When he first told the folks that he wanted to become a farmer, they "laughed and jeered," but earnest pleadings gradually made them sympathizers. Contact with those connected with the school seemed to whet his desire to become a student at the National Farm School.

Then came one of the happiest days of his life—he received a letter announcing that he had been accepted as a student. After what seemed extraordinarily long days he arrived at the National Farm School, ready to start training for a profession he knew little of, but which he believed was the profession for him.

Who is this young man? He is the young man who with some sixty other very similar men has just matriculated here.

Welcome, young man. We, the upperclassmen, welcome you into our fraternity.



LITERARY

NATHAN B. SHA' IRO

Palamon and Arcite

A Modern Version of an Old Classic

*In days of old, when knights were bold
And Machine guns weren't invented,
They socked their enemies on the head
And went away contented.*

ONE day as King Theseus was returning from a gate crashing expedition in Scythia, with Queen Hippo and her beautiful sister Emily, he was met by a group of weeping



women. They were weeping tears in large and copious quantities. "These women must have an awful grievance,"

said King Theseus to himself. He persuaded one of them to turn off the waterworks long enough to spill her tale of woe.

In tearful accents, she related a tale of how King Capone of Cicero had put their husbands on the spot, and would not even allow them to claim the bodies to give them decent burial. "The dirty dog," cried King Theseus, "he ought to be shot, hung and electrocuted. I'll fix his wagon." Whereupon, he sent his wife and sister home, gathered his henchmen around him and rode off to pay King Capone a social visit.

When the smoke of battle had cleared, and King Theseus's men were separating the dead and the living from their valuables, they came across two half shot young men who, by their hats and spats, seemed to belong to the nobility. As the nobility owned everything and everybody who wasn't of the nobility, these young fellows might be worth a whole lot more in ransom than they might ever bring as slaves, so the soldiers brought them before their king. King Theseus liked the idea, so he had them wrapped up neatly in chains and

handcuffs, with the intention of lodging them in his royal hoosegow until their loving relatives could find the necessary shekels to buy their freedom.

One day as they were singing the blues in the king's calaboose, Palamon grew restless with sitting in the dark, and decided to take advantage of a shaft of light which a benevolent morning sun was sending through his one and only window. While he was on the inside looking out, he spied a woman walking around in the courtyard below. To describe her as a woman would be a crime. No description I might write would do her justice.

"Hello, angel! Where have you been all my life?"

Of course, she couldn't hear him. She was way down on the ground and he was way up in a prison tower, and he was too much of a gentleman to shout at a lady. Such things weren't done in his day. Suddenly he thought of his bosom friend Arcite. Why shouldn't he enjoy the vision too. "Hey Arcite, come up and look at the scenery," he cried. In two shakes of a lamb's tail, Arcite was alongside with a pair of field glasses, taking it all in. "Well, I'll be this, that and the other thing. How long has this been going on? Oh! lady, how I could love you!"

"You? Where do you come in on this—I saw her first," said Palamon. "And besides, we're sworn friends, and you have to help me win her."

"Oh yeah! Well you didn't say you loved her before I did, so I claimed her first and you have to help me. See! Now, put that in your pipe and smoke it." And so they argued far, far into the night, and the next night and some more nights after that.

One fine day, Arcite was called before the king and presented to his old pal, One-Eye Connolly, who talked his way

past the king's guards and even succeeded in talking the king out of Arcite's ransom. There was only one fly in the oatmeal as far as Arcite could see, and that was that he was being granted his freedom only on one condition, and that was that he should never pollute the fair city of Athens with his presence. "Woe is me!" bawled Arcite. "What good is life without love?"

"That's all right Arcite, old kid. You

(Continued on page 28)

"IN SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—"

*If you were I and I were you,
We'd hug and kiss; we'd bill and coo,
And do the things that lovers do,
If you were I and I were you.*

*If you were I and I were you,
I'd gladly whisper, "Yes, I do,
Consent to always be with you,"
Were you but I and I were you.*



*If I were you and you were I
A mountain but that rubs the sky
Would be the nest to which we'd fly,
If I were you and you were I.*

*If I were you and you were I,
Why you alone would satisfy.
But as it is I sit and sigh,
'Cause you are you and I am I.*

N. B. S.

Pieces of String

IN BACK of me I heard a clatter, a series of whines and barks, then a roar of laughter. As I made a half turn my eyes met the source. Running past me was a dog, a scrub hound, a mutt, a gutter pup or anything you wish to call it. Tied fast to his tail was a piece of string. Let me add that it was tied tightly. This caused pain and the pain in turn caused the whining. At the other end of the string was an empty Shoe Peg corn can. The noise made by the can brought on fear and the fear in turn caused the barking. It was a shameful, pitiful sight. The result of some culprit's deviltry. The piece of string was the cause of it all. Had there been no string this never would have happened. That long piece of cotton was as contemptible as it was thin.

Often we are asked that idiotic question, "How long is a piece of string?" We say it may be as long as it is useful. According to that, many pieces should be decidedly without length. A piece entwined around the axle of a lawn mower is always given a hearty cheer. It takes away the monotony of cutting the lawn. Surgeons almost chuckle when they discover a few bits of string in an occasional appendix. String has a wide distribution. Too wide for most of us

to appreciate. There is a piece for every package. We use it for shoe laces as well as to hold the filling in the roast turkey at Christmas time. O. Henry even considered it as a worthy subject for his pen.

Have you ever tried to untangle a ball of string? After one hour of tugging, pulling and cussing you find that you have not even found an end to start the untangling. I assure you it is one of the most discouraging tasks ever undertaken. Solving a Chinese puzzle is child's play in comparison to this. Yet some of us are brazen enough to say that string is a very useful accessory.

Many people horde it up in balls and give it a prominent place in their largest bureau drawer. Every day millions of yards of it are manufactured. You never see it advertised. It sells itself. When kite flying season again makes its bow you will see this red and blue network again adorning the electric wires. It will be a treat for sore eyes. However, if all our twine were to suddenly disappear into space we would all hope and pray for a new pealing forth of the long Lost Cord, and until better yarns are spun let us hope for Piece on Earth and Good String to Men.

STEWART C. SCHELL.



PHILOSOPHICAL MEANDERINGS

*O dismal, howling wind, that rips and
rends
The calm and peaceful silence of the
night,
I hear the brazen echo of your travels,
The visions that have come within thine
sight,
But I cannot understand them.*

*O peaceful, bubbling brook that wends
its way
Past cities, towns and quiet sylvan
dales,
I hear your murm'ring too, of journeys
long.
Of what do you attempt to tell; what
tales?
For I cannot understand them.*

*O stately, spreading, guardian oak;
Thou passive sentinel o'er all beneath,
Of what can you tell that has gone
before?
I hear the whispering of your many
leaves,
But I cannot understand them.*

*O wind, and brook, and thou, O stately
oak;
Perhaps 'tis best your tales be silenced
now;
Lest there leak out the record of man's
greed
And jealousy—the cause of mortal woe,
'Tis best I cannot understand them.*

JACK HEVESI.



AGRICULTURE

MAURICE R. BALL

MOTHER EARTH

WHEN man first appeared upon the earth he fashioned things from clay and stones. He learned to plant seeds and mature some of the growing things he found in nature. He learned that he could control them and even change their habits so that they would be more useful and beautiful.

There swelled up strongly within man that which we call the creative instinct, for his work was in his dreams and in his imagination before it took form in actuality. This fact gave him a new, strange joy. He fashioned a home out of rocks or wood or bricks, and then decorated it, again calling upon the creative instinct.

Each of us has creative instinct in some form. It comes to pass that everyone feels, especially in the spring—the impelling urge to go out to the soil—to work the earth, to build, to plant, to nurture the growing things. And then that great creative instinct is fulfilled, and we experience the most enduring joy that is found in the world.



PRUNING

ALLOW me to quote from various sources two or three definitions of pruning. The first is from Kansas State Agricultural College: "Pruning may be defined as the removal of a part of a plant for the purpose of increasing the economic value of the remainder." The second definition is from the University of California, College of Agriculture: "By pruning, the form of the tree is modified, its bearing regulated and thereby more and better fruit is obtained at less cost and for a larger period than is possible without pruning."

In starting my project an exceedingly fine definition of pruning was presented to us by Mr. Fox: "Pruning is the art and science of cutting away a portion of the plant to improve its shape, to increase its fruitfulness, to improve the quality of the product, or to repair damage." This is one of the best definitions that one can secure, as it practically covers every point of pruning.

Our aim in pruning is not to butcher, but rather to change or improve the shape or growth of the tree as we so desire. Almost anyone is able to take a pair of shears and cut away at a branch. Does this benefit the tree? No. It does more harm than good.

A careful pruner is one who will study his tree carefully before climbing into it to make his cuttings. He is one who studies and visualizes what the tree will look like when completed. A fruit tree that is allowed to grow at random soon becomes a sorrowful looking sight, but a tree that has been trained and well cared for is a thing of beauty. A tree whose branches are trained and en-

couraged is a tree that will pay profitably.

Pruning experiments have proven that when a tree has been started on the open center forms, it is not necessary to keep this shape throughout its lifetime. From an open center, by careful selection and pruning, we are able to train our tree to a semi-modified leader form. One may ask, "Why change the shape of the tree?" The main reason is that a large pocket or hole is left when one of the main limbs has to be removed, so we fill this space by training limbs from a central leader to grow sideways and fill in the opening.

Pruning may be practiced either in the summer or winter. Here at school we do winter pruning. This may be started when the leaves drop in the Fall and continued until the swelling of the buds in the spring, which is usually from November to March inclusive. In some sections of the country where it is very cold, there may be some danger of winter injury to the fresh pruning wounds. Dormant pruning has proved to be much more satisfactory over a period of years than summer pruning, because it results in a larger tree growth and a greater fruit yield. It is true, though, that summer pruning has advantages. Undesirable shoots may be pinched out and water sprouts may be cut off very easily, and these wounds heal very rapidly. Throughout the northern section of the United States the majority of fruit growers practice winter pruning. They then have all this work completed and are not bothered with it in the summer, when their spraying must be done.

JOHN HAWTHORNE.

DEPARTMENT NEWS



GENERAL AGRICULTURE

Due to the period of cold weather at the beginning of Spring, farm operations had to be delayed several weeks. Horse plowing was tried at No. 5 Farm, but had to be stopped because of the heavy frosts. For the first time in several years the pastures of the Dairy were top-dressed with manure, about seven tons to the acre being used. This is expected to put new life into the pastures. Corn fodder was shredded at the Dairy and No. 4. Hay for the Dairy was baled at No. 4. The potato crop was finally graded and then seconds were regraded. The third grade potatoes are to be used as whole seed potatoes, thus eliminating hand cutting.

In the Farm Machinery department all of the tractors were completely overhauled and put into shape for a strenuous season. The disc harrows were also overhauled and resharpened.

ARTHUR WEITZMAN.

DAIRY

Finally our records of the herd test conducted by the Ayrshire Association are compiled and some amazing figures uncovered. The Ayrshire herd, consisting of five cows, netted a total income of \$1,227.00, this being above feed costs. Also, 430.4 pounds of butter fat were produced which, figured at a mature herd basis, is the highest average ever made by an Ayrshire herd. The average milk production was 10,494 pounds, which is



a very enviable figure considering the fact that the animals are two-year-olds.

Disease is being thwarted, all cows being forestripped, thus relieving possible contamination from one animal to another.

An electrically operated milk separator has been installed and has proved itself much more efficient than the hand power machine.

It is still the aim of the school to build up a pure bred accredited herd.

PETER CAVANAUGH.

POULTRY

The brooder is housing about 4500 chicks, and more are coming in with each hatch. Mr. Toor has changed the starting mash for the chicks, increasing its bulk so that it will develop and strengthen the intestines. The percentage for the first three hatches was 71 per cent. Thorough sanitary methods are used to prevent any outbreak of diseases.

The chicks are being constantly watched so that they may have the opportunity to develop into good sized hens and cockerels.

The birds at the big house have been troubled by colds, roup, and laryngotracheitis which is probably due to the faulty construction of the laying houses.

JACK HARMAN.



SHEEP

In the Fall of 1930 we received 25 ewes and one ram from Mr. Jonas Weil of Lexington, Kentucky, who is a state director of the school. The ewes were crosses between Southdown and Shropshire breeds, while the ram was a pure bred Shropshire.

The ewes lambed, giving us 12 ewe lambs and 15 rams. Two of the ram lambs died as did two mature ewes.

Last Fall the 23 original ewes were bred and at this writing we are in the midst of the lambing season. Thus far we have received our 14 lambs—10 ewes and 4 rams. One set of twins were born. One premature lamb arrived which weighed one pound. It lived one day.

Our entire flock to date consists of 53 head in perfect condition

JACK DELANEY.



LANDSCAPE

The Landscape Department is now in the midst of its busy season. Again the nursery will be enlarged and several thousand evergreens and shrubs, which were propagated during the last five years, will be set out. About fifty different varieties of perennial seeds will be planted.

On our school grounds and the out-lying farms the landscape work will take up a great deal of time. Remodeling of perennial borders and rose beds, spading, edging, clearing of lawns and grounds is only part of the large program.

The outlook for a successful season is good, and we hope that with the co-operation of the future landscapers, a promising advance will be made for the benefit of both the school and ourselves.

MR. H. FEISSE.

FLORICULTURE

SPRING propagation of carnations, mums and snaps has commenced.

The 1000 hyacinths planted last October and put under ground for the winter were dug up the first of March, and bloomed for Easter.

At present, calla lilies, snaps and calendulas are being harvested. A fine crop has been reaped from the snap-dragon beds, which were planted in September. The rust has hurt the flowers somewhat, but not enough to lower prices or injure the flowers. The sweet peas planted in December were ready for Easter. The stocks are in good condition and a good yield is expected. The gladioli planted in the same bed with the stocks in February will come in around June. This will enable Mr. Mayer to get in an extra crop.

Outside planting was started on the first of March but was stopped because of cold weather. The greenhouse in general looks good, but with the new seniors taking a great interest in their project, Mr. Mayer looks forward to a record year.

OSCAR FRIEDMAN.

HORTICULTURE

Pruning work is rapidly drawing to an end. The peach trees have been lowered to 12 feet, so that picking may be done without the use of high ladders. The apple trees have also been lowered to about 20 feet. The pear trees on the fruit lanes are to be commercialized.

For this season a new method of growing radishes is to be used. Radishes were sown on February 20 in hotbeds, to be harvested in about six weeks. Parsley, celery, lettuce, cabbage, and leek have been sown in flats and placed in the greenhouse.

All hotbeds have been repaired and refilled, and are ready for another season.

JOHN HAWTHORNE.

CAMPUS NEWS

CARL BILLMAN

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FARM SCHOOL

AS I reflect upon the occasion of my first visit to Farm School, I recall gratefully the friendly greetings of our genial Dean in the Reading Station in Philadelphia. Shortly thereafter, in conference with President Allman, I became thoroughly convinced that a worthy and responsible opportunity was being opened to me which would call for all the ability, training and experience that I could muster. As President Allman very carefully outlined the history and the foundation principles of the school—religious, academic and economic—I was much impressed by the past achievements and future possibilities of Farm School.

Having always been a student of practical education—the training of the hand as well as the mind—I welcomed the opportunities which the situation seemed to afford.

Later, as I looked over the campus, the gardens and orchards, as well as the far stretched farms, the magnitude and intrinsic worth of the Farm School enterprise grew within me.

Incidentally I came to feel that because of a seeming abundance of labor there was a tendency to rely overmuch upon hand operations in getting work done. Later I came to appreciate some of the practical as well as economic difficulties justifying in some degree such a tendency.

In taking up the responsibilities of the new work I was gratified to experience the very helpful cooperation of faculty associates as well as students, which enabled me to get my bearings and thrust in my oar with a minimum of friction and confusion.

Finally, I came quickly to an appreciation of the caliber, earnestness, and stability of the greater portion of the student body. These represent the most valued and stimulating assets of Farm School.

L. M. MONTGOMERY,
Department of Horticulture.

FORTY-ONE STUDENTS RECEIVE DIPLOMAS

Forty-one students were graduated at the thirty-second commencement exercises of the school which were held Sunday, March 21st, in the Loucheim Auditorium.

The guest speaker was Charles H. Grakelow, former Director of Public Welfare of Philadelphia. Talks were

also given by President Herbert D. Allman, Dean C. L. Goodling and I. Goodman. Jess Elson delivered the Salutatory and Leo Libove the Valedictory.

Many prizes were distributed to graduates and underclassmen.

PRESIDENT ALLMAN WELCOMES FRESHMEN

The new Freshman class was welcomed to Farm School by President Herbert D. Allman at a special student body assembly on March 30th.

He encouraged a fraternal spirit among the students, pointing out that unlike most other schools, we come in contact with each other more frequently. President Allman also invited the students to bring their problems to the Dean or members of the faculty.

NEGRO SINGER ENTERTAINS AT SPECIAL ASSEMBLY

The students and faculty enjoyed a most extraordinary treat when they listened to Mr. Roland Hayes sing two Negro Spirituals. His marvelous voice kept the audience spellbound.

Mr. Harry B. Hirsch, Chairman of our Board of Trustees, gave a brief synopsis of Mr. Hayes' life and purposes. As a boy, the singer was an expert iron core maker in a foundry. Later, while working for a life insurance company, he devoted more time to his singing, and now he is considered one of the outstanding singers of the world. He has traveled extensively throughout Europe as well as America in his concert tours. Mr. Hayes is now trying to bring about a better understanding between the negro and white races.

After the assembly Dean Goodling, Mr. Hirsch and President Allman escorted Mr. Hayes on a trip of inspection through the school.

Other such Assemblies would be welcomed by the students and faculty members.



CHAPEL SERVICES

January 22—As a part of the Memorial Service for Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, founder of our school, Rabbi Feibelman gave a review of a sermon preached by the late Rabbi on January 21st, 1918, when conditions were somewhat similar to those of the present time. The theme of the sermon was, "Darkness always Precedes the Dawn."

Rabbi Krauskopf prophesied many things that have become realities. He said no more Russians would be sent to Siberia as exiles, Germany would become a Republic, Woman Suffrage would be realized in this country, Jews would be permitted to settle in Palestine.

In a similar way Rabbi Feibelman attempted to prophesy the outcome of this depression.

Feb. 5: Mr. Rothchild, of Philadelphia, was the speaker. In his talk he compared the Game of Life with the game of football. "The captain of our side is Faith," he said, "the opposing captain is the Devil. The Four Quarters of the game are Babyhood, School Days, Young Manhood and Maturity."

Mr. Rothchild vividly related many of his horrible experiences as a machine gunner in the World War. "There is no romance in War," he told the audience.

The guest speaker was brought here through the efforts of Louis A. Hirsch, Chairman of the Student Contact Committee.

March 11: Dr. Louis Nusbaum, in a talk of special interest to the outgoing seniors, told them that they would soon become a part of the world economic situation. Although the business of the world is at a low ebb, history repeats itself; and as every other depression was overcome eventually, so will the present situation improve, Dr. Nusbaum said.

SENIOR CLASS NEWS

At the last election of the Senior Class held in March the following officers were elected:

President—J. Ostroff

Vice-President—I. Portnoy

Treasurer—I. Lefkowitz

Secretary—D. I. Finkle

At the present writing our Ring and Pennant Committees are functioning.

We are beginning work on the yearbook. The men selected to handle this large enterprise are: M. Harris, Editor-in-chief; D. Finkle and J. Ostroff, Associate Editors; Feinberg and Billman, Photography; Hubbs, Business Manager; Zorn and Billhardt, Assistant Business Managers; Shapiro and Bush, Athletics; Green and Kristol (tentative), Class Will; Bourne, Class Poet; Plotkin, Art; Hawthorne, Yablonko, Polachek and Ball, Personals; Weitzman and C. Goodman, Class Historians; Merkin, Delaney, Kallen and Friedman (tentative) Class Prophet.

With as capable a staff as this one we feel confident that our yearbook will be one of the best ever published at Farm School.

I. PORTNOY.

JUNIOR CLASS NEWS

Officers for the first term of the new year are:

President—I. Dagan

Vice-President—A. Fgerland

Treasurer—D. Blatt

Secretary—C. Garment

A new system has been introduced which calls for an executive meeting before every class meeting. At the executive meeting all matters for discussion are formulated so they can be presented in a concise and expedient manner before the class.

S. JACOBSON.

THE POULTRY CLUB

The Poultry Club starts the new year under the leadership of the following officers, who were elected at the annual banquet in Doylestown:

President—Morris Harris

Vice-President—Morris Shapiro

Secretary—David Wallach

Treasurer—L. Shiffman

While many poultry experts will be invited to address the club from time to time, the club will also try to develop speakers from members of the club. Interesting programs are being arranged for future meetings.

The club expects to have at least one trip in the near future. This will probably be a tour through the leading poultry plants of this section.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

The annual banquet of the Horticultural Society was held in Doylestown on the evening of March 8th. Approximately forty members were present.

The toastmaster, Mr. Fleming, introduced the visiting speakers, Mr. Purmell and Mr. Reiner, who gave inspiring talks. Mr. Feisser spoke about his new evergreen plants which he is introducing into this country. Mr. Mayer gave the seniors some valuable advice. Graduating club members were also called upon to say a few words.

Plans for the coming year were discussed. These include educational trips to various outside farms and agricultural institutions, frequent speakers and moving pictures.

At a meeting of the club March 29th, Mr. Montgomery showed and explained slides taken on a trip to California several years ago.

Officers for the present term are:

President—John Hawthorne

Secretary—Earl Zorn

Treasurer—I. Goodman

VARSITY CLUB

A few weeks prior to the end of the year, the Varsity Club staged its annual initiation for the benefit of the new candidates. The dining room and different parts of the campus were the scenes of the initiation, which lasted a whole week.

The new members are present Seniors. Klein, Cavanaugh, Kirschenbaum, I. Portnoy, L. Waldman, Plevinsky and Matcovich. Newman, Rosenzweig and Rogalski of the '32 class were also initiated.

The annual banquet was held at the Casa Conti Manor, Glenside, Pa., on March 3rd. Prior to the banquet all members and guests attended the performance at the Keswick Theatre, Glenside, Pa.

Mr. Stangel, an honorary club member, served in the capacity of Toastmaster. He proved very interesting.

The invocation was given by President Jess Elson. Short talks were given by Messrs. Groman, Toor, Mayer, Russ Thomas, Fred Weigle and Dean Goodling. Coaches Brenneis and Samuels gave prospective views on the coming baseball and football seasons. Captains Feinberg and VanDernoot also spoke.

The feature of the evening was the passing on of the Ten Commandments of the Varsity Club to the new members by the outgoing Seniors. Cavanaugh accepted the Commandments in behalf of the new members.

Election of new officers took place and the result was as follows:

President—George VanDernoot

Vice-President—Charles Feinberg

Secretary—Peter Matcovich

Treasurer—Harry Klein

Historian—Peter Matcovich

The Club regrets parting with such fine young men as Elson, Caplan, Spivak, Edelman, Goldstein, Nicholson,

Shiffman, Lazarow, Spiller, H. Goldman, Rogalski, Newman and Rosenzweig.

The active members now include Harmon, Boutilier, Kirschenbaum, I. Portnoy, L. Waldman, Cohen, Plevinsky, Matcovich, Cavanaugh, H. Klein (Sr.) Feinberg and VanDernoot.

PETER MATCOVICH.

BAND NEWS

The N. F. S. Band has completed one of the most successful years since its beginning. We owe most of our success to Lieutenant Joseph Frankel, our instructor, who has given us the spark of life through many trying times. It was through his untiring efforts that we made the trip to Washington, D. C. We are all proud to be members of his musical family.

The annual banquet was held February 24, 1932. There were fifty persons present, including some notable guests. The band showed itself gloriously at Graduation. It is with regret that we must face the coming year with fourteen members less, they having graduated. At present the remaining regulars and rookies are starting to rebuild the band. They hope to attain a greater level than has ever been reached before. There are some places in the band to be filled by capable Freshmen, and it will remain for those men entering in the new class to carry on this great organization.

The band enjoyed many engagements during the past year and is ready to be called upon again during the coming season.

Officers of the Band Association for the following six months:

President and Conductor—James Pollack

Vice-President—W. James Burns

Treasurer—Manuel Yablonko

Acting Secretary—W. James Burns

Old Time N. F. S. Portraits



Part 1—Freshman Lament

The nice, clean overalls are clean no more,
 They've been dirtied taking ashes out
 the greenhouse cellar door,
 My shoes are muddy a'tramping o'er the farm,
 And I feel so tired I'm insensible to the charm
 Of the Farmer's Life; the wonders of the sunrise
 Don't seem so wonderful when viewed at four aye em,
 As it does in the writings or the paintings of our men.
 The poets sing us songs, descriptive of country life,
 Painting pictures of contentment, nary sounds of wicked strife.
 Telling all about the beauties and the joys and wonders too,
 Of the verdant grass, the growing trees, the freshness of the dew.
 "Ain't nature grand?" 'tis often said.
 I really cannot tell.
 I've been so gosh darned awfully tired, I only think of—bed.

Part 2—Juniors love song

The nice, clean overalls are worn no more,
 They're superimposed by Khaki clothes out of our new store.
 'Tis better to wear Khaki, it doesn't show the grime
 When hauling manure, or planting corn, or spreading dusty lime.

Oh we Juniors, we are wonderful, we do most all the work?????
 From planting time to harvest time, we never, never shirk.
 But we are puzzled very much, for reasons we can't grasp.
 Why no one else appreciates the Noble Junior Class

Part 3—Seniors dream

The nice clean overalls are seen no more;
 In fact they're torn from minds forlorn, they're myths forevermore.
 For we're the noble seniors, we only use our brains.
 Until we're ready to graduate and leave by cars and trains.
 Our orders make the school go on, we make the freshies work,
 The Juniors want to take our place, we see they do not shirk.
 Oh we're as good as the faculty, we'd run the school better alone;
 But whene'er we do it, we're apt to rue it, we're always sent home to atone.
 'Tis great to be a Senior and wait for graduation,
 For we're all sure to be farmers, a credit to school and nation.

This bit of poetry was graciously donated to THE GLEANER by Mr. C. Toor, our own instructor in Poultry. It was written when he was a Senior at the National Farm School.



GOSSIP

Welcome, '35.

Seniors of the poultry department breathed heavily when Dr. Massinger announced "The Poultry Racket" as the subject of his talk at the Poultry Club meeting of March 29th. He did some "exposing", but fortunately for the seniors he confined his talk to quack medicines.

And then there is the Freshman who came to Farm School to learn how to sow wild oats.

Local Litvaks are still rejoicing over the pickled herring that was served at supper a couple of months back.

Here is hoping the clubs are permitted to sponsor trips this summer. Those students—now seniors—who attended trips way back in 1930 still talk about them. Says one of them, "The fellows observe every little detail at the farms and agricultural institutions visited. It is a shame that there were no trips last year."

Freshman Segal should feel very much at home in Segal Hall.

An investigation of the fuse blowing epidemic, revealed the fact that second-hand electrical accessories are usually in need of repair, especially floor lamps.

FARM SCHOOL MYSTERIES

The arrival of a carload of coal always increases the number of boys on the sick list who have sore (?) backs. However, on the night of a dance the beds in the infirmary are usually vacant.

B. Caplan is Farm School's first and only Sophomore.

Freshmen! A list of good "rackets" may be purchased from any Senior.

The Depression has caused several students to go into business. Just now we have quite a number of barbers, tailors, typists, shoe repairmen and magazine agents. "Babe" Harmon, one of our Fighting Irish, is one of our most versatile business men. He is a tailor, shoemaker and cigarette peddler. Some man!!

With Feinberg, Ostroff, and Green as the leaders of this school, we'll all be in a FOG.

Mr. Mayer—"Before I married I made up my mind to decide all questions between my wife and myself."

Mr. Samuels—"But you don't appear to."

Mr. Mayer—"Well, I decided it was much easier to change my mind."



SPORTS

MORRIS SHAPIRO

EDITORIAL

WITH the passing of the '32 Class, one of the most successful athletic years has gone down in the history of the school. For many years Farm School has struggled to gain a place in the spotlight of the athletic world, and last year, with the student body backing up the teams, it reached the peak of fame.

That class has gone on, and with it have gone many of the star athletes whose names have been written into the Farm School annals. Replacements must be recruited from the student body, of which the Freshmen form a considerable part. It is up to them to help fill the gaps that have been made in our athletic ranks.

The secret of the success of past classes is teamwork, and cooperation between the teams and the coach. This alone is as valuable as anything else the Freshmen may learn. When the "Little man with the big cigar," calls for material, it is up to them to answer his call, and do their best for their Alma Mater. Our Motto is "Fighting Hearts, We Can't Be Beat." The Freshman class should do its share in carrying on this tradition.

BASEBALL NEWS

The Farm School nine opened spring training in the gym under the tutelage of Mr. F. X. Brenneis, ex-Connecticut Aggie star, who succeeds Mr. Stangel as coach of the ball club. Handicapped by the poor weather, the squad has had little opportunity to work out on the diamond. Coach Brenneis expects to mold a winning combination from the material he has on hand.

The season opens at home with Northeast Catholic High, and one of the hardest games on the schedule is expected. The team expects to put the defeats of last year's schedule into the win column this season.

Although the team has lost the services of some fine players through grad-

uation, we expect put a strong team on the field. The team is headed by Charley Feinberg, our slugging second baseman. Other veterans are Boutillier, Cavanaugh, Plevinsky, Matcovitch, and Harmon.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE, 1932

April 9—Northeast Catholic High School	Home
April 16—Brown Prep.	Home
April 23—Pennington School	Home
April 30—Temple High School	Home
May 7—LaSalle High School	Home
May 10—Lansdale H. S.	Lansdale
May 14—Pennsylvania Institute For Deaf	Home
May 21—Ursinus Col. Freshmen	Home
May 28—Southern High School	Home

FARM SCHOOL OPENS WITH BROWN PREP

Displaying a powerful offensive drive, the Aggies swept Brown Prep. off its feet. The same combination as last year, with the exception of one, opened the game and showed promise of another undefeated season. With a little brushing up on the defense, we can see a bright path ahead for the Flying Agrarians.

VanDernoot and Elson were the stars of the game. Van's ability to get the tap gave the Aggies complete control of the game.

<i>Brown School</i>	<i>N. F. S.</i>
McClay.....	forward.....
Carson.....	forward.....
Ennis.....	center.....
Brafford.....	guard.....
Franks.....	guard.....
Louvare.....	forward.....
Franks.....	forward.....
	forward.....

Skuler..... Caplan
Hydell..... Fineberg
Rines..... VanDernoot
Richmond..... Elson
Robinson..... Shiffman
Marks..... Cohen
Slok..... Hummel
..... Boutilier

SCORE BY QUARTERS				
N. F. S.....	10	7	18	12—47
Brown.....	2	8	3	4—17

TEMPLE PREP OUTCLASSED BY GREEN AND GOLD

Farm School's powerful five outclassed a weak Temple Prep. team. The Green and Gold scored at will, and the visitors were able to throw only two field goals through the net.

Farm School had a field day, marching up and down the floor with little opposition. It wasn't until the second quarter that the Templeites scored a field goal. Elson had a big day, taking for himself six field baskets and three tosses from the charity ma k.

<i>Temple</i>	<i>N. F. S.</i>
Skuler.....	forward.....
Hydell.....	forward.....
Rines.....	center.....
Richmond.....	guard.....
Robinson.....	guard.....
Marks.....	forward.....
Slok.....	guard.....
.....	forward.....

SCORE BY QUARTERS				
N. F. S.....	13	14	8	10—45
Temple Prep.....	0	1	2	2—5
Referee—Shane.				

FARMERS TOP PALMER

The motto "We Can't Be Beat" seems to be sending the Aggies to a new place in the basketball world. With the five-man defense working like a charm, the business men didn't have a ghost of a chance to work the ball toward their basket.

The floor game of the Aggies was dazzling. The reserves realized their big moment when they played the entire second half.

SCORE BY QUARTERS				
N. F. S.....	10	11	10	10—41
Palmer.....	2	4	9	7—22

AGGIES ON A SCORING SPREE

Playing their second game in two days had no effect on the powerful Aggies. Displaying a superb brand of basketball, the Farmers went on a scoring rampage against Rider College J. V.

The Collegians gave the Aggies their first rigid test, but they withstood the onslaught to come back stronger than ever. The second half marked a complete rout for the visitors. They were bewildered by the perfect five-man defense. Elson and Caplan were the big guns in the offensive

(Continued on page 24)

CAMDEN COMMERCIAL GOES UNDER

The Aggies had to play heads up basketball to nip the strong Camden Commercial five in a hard struggle. The visitors led throughout the first half, and at intermission were one point in the lead.

The Farmers came back very strong in the last part of the game and tied it up with neat offensive work. The defense of the Aggies was weak during the first half, but they tightened up in the second. VanDernoot, with his fighting spirit, was responsible in a large way for the victory.

Camden	N. F. S.
Clayton.....	forward.....
Bealer.....	forward.....
Bach.....	center.....
Dufey.....	guard.....
O'Brien.....	guard.....
Blakens.....	guard.....
.....	forward.....

Fineberg
Caplan
VanDernoot
Elson
Shiftman
Cohen
Plevinsky

SCORE BY QUARTERS				
N. F. S.....	6	7	9	9—33
Camden.....	6	8	4	4—22

OSTEOPATHY FEELS THE BATTLE-AXE

Showing the same form that they have displayed in the past, the Aggies rolled up an overwhelming score to trounce the Bone-Twisters to the tune of 43—17.

The team worked like an army advancing on the battlefield, working down the floor with such ease and grace that even the opposing coach looked on in wonder.

Caplan and Elson showed to advantage, getting one-half the entire score between themselves. The short passing of the Agrarians was the feature of the game.

P. I. D. PLOWED UNDER BY AGGIES

Traveling away for the first time this season, the Aggies took the measure of the Mutes by a three-point margin. The game was close throughout and was marked by swift playing.

The Mutes tried in vain to break the Aggie's defense. With less than ten minutes to go, it was anybody's game, with the Farmers leading by a scant margin of one point. Then Fineberg, true to the Merriwell type, dribbled the length of the floor and bagged a field goal, which put the game on the ice. The Farmers led through the entire game by a margin of not more than two points.

The Line-up:

P. I. D.	N. F. S.
Warman.....	forward.....
Green.....	forward.....
Farlark.....	center.....
Holmes.....	guard.....
Nork.....	guard.....

Caplan
Fineberg
VanDernoot
Elson
Shiftman

SCORE BY QUARTERS

N. F. S.....	5	3	1	4—13
P. I. D.....	3	4	1	2—10
Referee—Hopkins.				

Osteopath Freshmen

N. F. S.

McHenry.....	forward.....	Caplan
Hylander.....	forward.....	Fineberg
Fryan.....	center.....	VanDernoot
Korn.....	guard.....	Elson
Schnoll.....	guard.....	Shiftman
FitzPatrick.....	forward.....	Plevinsky
Wattlehorn.....	forward.....	Cohen
.....	forward.....	Boutilier
.....	guard.....	Hummell

SCORE BY QUARTERS

N. F. S.....	10	12	13	8—43
O. F.....	5	6	3	3—17
Referee—Barfoot.				

FARMERS LOSE FIRST COURT TILT

In one of the classiest and hottest games ever witnessed on the Pennington court, Farm School's athletes were defeated after having displayed a brand of fight characteristic of Green and Gold teams.

Playing on a foreign court seems to be a jinx for the Farmers. Every member of the team showed up well, with Caplan and Schiffman doing the scoring.

<i>Pennington</i>	<i>N. F. S.</i>
Leavitt.....forward.....	Caplan
Huges.....forward.....	Fineberg
Lilenfield.....center.....	VanDernoot
Mensavage.....guard.....	Shiffman
Smythe.....guard.....	Elson
Eleneski.....guard.....	Cohen

SCORE BY QUARTERS				
N. F. S.....	12	4	8	6—30
Pennington.....	5	12	7	12—36

A HEART BREAKER

The Aggies tasted defeat for the second time this season. Losing the first game in three years on the home court was a bitter pill to swallow.

The visitors owed their victory to the fact that they were able to freeze the ball in the last few minutes. The Philadelphia boys came in fast to take the tip-off and possession of the ball.

The play was fast and furious with neither team having any advantage. When victory seemed just around the corner, the Southerners caged a few baskets from all angles of the court.

Southern displayed a well-balanced, well coached team. Caplan was high scorer for the Aggies.

<i>Southern</i>	<i>N. F. S.</i>
Krantz.....forward.....	Caplan
Rachelson.....forward.....	Fineberg
Jeunger.....center.....	VanDernoot
Fogel.....guard.....	Elson
Oppenheim.....guard.....	Shiffman
Dennenberg.....forward.....	Cohen

SCORE BY QUARTERS

N. F. S.....	8	6	4	2—20
Southern.....	4	7	4	6—21

FARMERS LOSE FINAL

Traveling away to Penn State, the Green and Gold quintet suffered a reverse at the hands of State Freshmen. The first half was tightly contested, but in the second half, the Staters gradually drew away from the Aggies.

The Farmers fought from whistle to whistle, and never gave up trying. Cohen was high scorer of the game, getting ten points. Caplan and Elson, playing in their final game, gave a good account of themselves. Line-up:

<i>Penn State</i>	<i>N. F. S.</i>
Green.....forward.....	Shiffman
Stocker.....forward.....	Caplan
Gilliard.....center.....	VanDernoot
Taylor.....guard.....	Elson
Trupper.....guard.....	Cohen

SCORE BY QUARTERS

N. F. S.....	8	5	6	9—28
Penn State.....	9	5	8	4—36
Referee Schloss				

FRESHMAN-JUNIOR BASKETBALL

The Freshmen-Junior basketball game took place on Sunday morning, March 5, the Juniors winning by the narrow margin of 28-26. It marked the sixth and last interclass meet between these two ancient rivals, the Juniors defeating the Yearlings five times and the Yearlings coming on the right side of the ledger but once.

The Juniors started off with a bang and before the Frosh woke up they had gained eight points. The Frosh finally broke the ice with a shot from the charity mark by Captain Engleberg. The Frosh rallied and the half ended 14-9 in favor of the Juniors. The Yearlings came back strong in the second half and before the Juniors realized what was going on the score was tied at 15-15. Lash stood out conspicuously when he basketed four double-deckers for a total of 8 points. Captain Boutilier of the Juniors put the ice on the ball, and his playing was also a deciding factor for his class. Merkin wound up the game with a two-pointer with but one minute to play. This game will go down in the annals of interclass games at Farm School.

Boutilier and Lash were the outstanding stars for the Juniors, garnering 15 points between them. Portnoy, Shapiro, and Merkin were also point-getters for the Juniors. Armstrong and Wolford divided the scoring honors for the Frosh, each gathering 8 points. Plevinsky and Engleberg were the others who scored.

Hummel, Klein, and Goldman played the game well even though they failed to break into the scoring list.

INTER HALL BASKETBALL

"Get off me tonsils, you punk."—"Gwan back to the navy and learn how to call them," "Get off the floor, you robber."

Such are the polite cat calls that are heard during the Sunday morning games. The second floor team with Captain Nagel at the reins, won the coveted championship. Merkin and Hummel were the shots of the team. Chi Friedman and his "pansies" were always on the spot.

When the hall contest comes around for baseball, go out and have your bit of fun. The Sport Department will sponsor a prize for the hall winning all the championships.

N. F. S.—RIDER COLLEGE

(Continued on page 21)

<i>Rider College, J. V.</i>	<i>N. F. S.</i>
Voronick.....forward.....	Caplan
Serafine.....forward.....	Fineberg
Juescody.....center.....	VanDernoot
Dehay.....guard.....	Elson
Ernst.....guard.....	Shiffman
Voger.....forward.....	Cohen
Van Brunen.....forward.....	Boutilier
.....forward.....	Plevinsky
.....guard.....	Rosenberg

SCORE BY QUARTERS

N. F. S.	15	13	10	14	—52
Rider J. V.	6	5	10	7	—28
Referee—Barfoot.					



ALUMNI

S. CHESTER GOODSTEIN

ATTENTION ALUMNI!!

Preparations are now under full swing for the coming Alumni Reunion, which will take place July 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Make arrangements to attend because it is going to be the best reunion ever witnessed in the history of the National Farm School.

William Goodstein, '29, has just completed the Horticulture course at Massachusetts State College, and is now starting a horticulture farm with Stanley Fidelgoltz, '29.

Philip Kleinman, '31, who was captain for three sports here in 1930, is making a name for himself at Temple University.

Al Houget and Bing Meyers are now partners in farming near Philadelphia.

The personnel of the school has been enlarged by the addition of four members of the recently graduated class. They will assist in the departments in which they specialized. They are: Jess Elson, General Agriculture; Walt Spiller, Dairy; Harry Lichtenstein, Poultry; Jack Koch, Horticulture.

Harry Brick, '28, was graduated from Penn State College last February, completing the course in three and one-half years with high honors. He was a candidate for the Rhodes scholarship.

George Grisdale, '31, is attending Penn State College where he is specializing in Agricultural Engineering.

Leonard Sherman, '31, intends to matriculate at the University of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary. At present he is working with Dr. Shapiro at New Rochelle, N. Y.

Max Shindelman, also of '31, is a student of veterinary science at Cornell.

Leon Rosenzweig, President of the '29 class, has a 72-acre diversified farm near Collegeville, Pa. Albert Zaroe, a classmate of his, is taking care of the poultry on the farm.

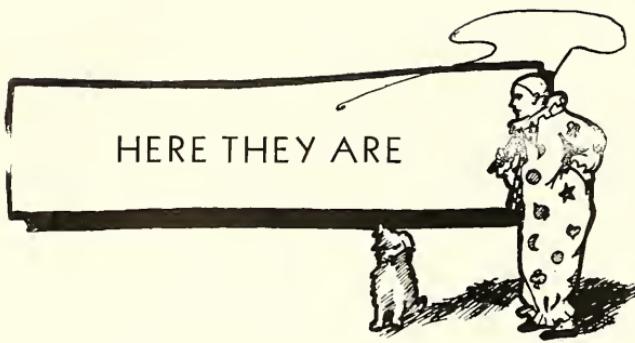
Harry Weissman, '29, is working on a dairy farm in New York State.

William Foster, '32, is working at the Mt. Ararat Farms in Maryland.

Morris Seidman, '32, is getting plenty of experience on a 4,000 bird poultry farm at Norma, N. J.

Phil Spivak, '31, is working at Vineland, N. J.

Fred Rorbaugh, '31, is still working as assistant herdsman at the State institution at Norristown.



HERE THEY ARE

MEET THE SENIORS

<i>Aaronson</i>	Joe Manager	<i>Lash</i>	Born and bred; raised and ruined in
<i>Ball</i>	Lanky Pete		the Bronx
<i>Baron</i>	The Duke	<i>Lefkowitz</i>	The dark horse
<i>Berman</i>	Quiet, but dangerous	<i>Maxton</i>	2 x 4 and all there
<i>Billhardt</i>	John D.	<i>Merkin</i> ...	Farm School's Con Merchant
<i>Boutilier</i>	Farm School's gift to maidenhood	<i>Mink</i>	Apologies to Morton Downy
<i>Bourne</i>	Sophisticated	<i>Metzner</i>	Baby Beef
<i>Burns</i>	Our Local Boy	<i>Nathanson</i>	My operation
<i>Bush</i>	What a Farmer	<i>Neumann</i>	Freshman Beware
<i>Cavanaugh</i>	Rummy	<i>Ostroff</i>	Our presidents
<i>Delaney</i>	Mine pel Deleny	<i>Peller</i>	Bulldog
<i>Feinberg</i>	Juicy Babe	<i>Plotkin</i>	A Litvack
<i>Finkle</i>	Take it easy, Boys	<i>Pollacheck</i>	Conductor Extraordinary
<i>Friedman</i>	Chicago's contribution, Chi	<i>Pool</i>	Spuds and then some
<i>Fuchs</i>	Efficiency plus	<i>Portnoy I.</i>	Burick
<i>Goodman C.</i>	Mr. Groman's Prodigy	<i>Portnoy M.</i>	What a handsome brute
<i>Goodman I.</i>	Way down south (Philly)	<i>Rappaport</i>	Greenhouse goats
<i>Goodstein</i>	Joe mystery	<i>Rellis</i>	Baccillus
<i>Green</i>	Any mail Joe?	<i>Romanenko</i>	
<i>Harman</i>	The terror		Weird, majestic, noble and serene
<i>Harris H.</i>	Intellect	<i>Rosinger</i>	Just get acquainted
<i>Harris M.</i>	King of the Greeks	<i>Rosenbaum</i>	A true Southerner
<i>Hawthorne</i>	Gettin' Chances	<i>Shapiro</i>	Hot off the boardwalk
<i>Horowitz</i>	Won by a nose	<i>Stoudt</i>	Professor Cook can't walk
<i>Hubbs</i>	Aw Maj.	<i>Vandernoot</i>	Samuel's pride and joy
<i>Kallen</i>	De buss from de outfit	<i>Wallack</i>	Eckles, the brute
<i>Kirschenbaum</i>	Any cigs?	<i>Weitzman</i>	Tractor Art
<i>Klein</i>	Captain Cap	<i>Yablunko</i>	Passd de hoddogs
<i>Kristol</i>	Silver tone	<i>Zorn</i>	Last but not least

AND THE JUNIORS

<i>Altschuler</i>	Wise and otherwise	<i>Mersky</i>	Wit and humor
<i>Angert</i>	Sick list—his project	<i>Meyer</i> . The answer to a shicksa's prayer	
<i>Aptaker</i>	Just "Appy"	<i>Miller</i>	Don Juan
<i>Aronberg</i>	Joe Earmuffs	<i>Nagel</i>	
<i>Baernkopf</i>	A Reading product	<i>Eric Von Nagelberg</i> —Chief of Jap Army	
<i>Bearint</i>	Hot on himself	<i>Nathanson</i>	Skinny
<i>Bendersky</i>	First Piccolo	<i>Ollanoff</i>	Our Naturalist
<i>Benn</i>	A tennis player—racketeer	<i>Pallis</i>	Vigorous manhood
<i>Blatt</i>	Rare form in all its glory	<i>Pirman</i>	Why girls leave home
<i>Boxman</i>	The hairy wonder	<i>Plevinsky</i>	Superiority complex
<i>Brackett</i>	Farmer John	<i>Poskanzer</i>	A radical
<i>Breen</i>	The short of it	<i>Raditz</i>	Ozzie for short
<i>Cohn</i>	"I'm Darn good"	<i>Ralph</i>	Frank Merriwell
<i>Cole</i>	Ichabod Crane	<i>Ranzer</i>	Barnacle Bill
<i>Collins</i>	Zinniacoptaphyll	<i>Rigberg</i>	Butterfly
<i>Dagan</i>	Main Line	<i>Rosten</i>	Dick Merriwell
<i>Davis</i>	What a man	<i>Schell</i>	Joe Banjo
<i>Dinitz</i>	Napoleon the Great	<i>Shiftman</i>	Silent but dangerous
<i>Draginsky</i>	Coney Island	<i>Shapiro</i> ... Our entertainer extraordinary	
<i>Ebersole</i>	Indian Joe	<i>Simon</i>	Simple and Naive
<i>Egerland</i>	Another good farmer	<i>Slobodnick</i>	Our professor
<i>Engelberg</i>	Old Lightning	<i>Sutton</i>	Who cares?
<i>Fialkow</i>	Toity-toid and Toid Avenue	<i>Tanner</i>	Another Manager
<i>Garment</i>	Youth and Beauty	<i>Waldman L.</i>	Junior Cletrac
<i>Gartner</i>	The tall of it	<i>Waldman S.</i>	Guzzlem
<i>Goldberg</i>	½ of the inseparables	<i>Wiggins</i>	Just another racketeer
<i>Guntsharsky</i>	The other half	<i>Wolford</i>	Adonis
<i>Greenberg</i>	Rudy Vallee's brother	<i>Woodring</i>	Tonsorial Tickler
<i>Hevesh</i>	What Could Be Sweeta	<i>Zelnick</i>	The smiling Bolshevik
<i>Hummel</i>	Carefree and easy	<i>Zlatkin</i>	A men frum de Bronx
<i>Jacobson</i>	The car wrecker		
<i>Jones</i>	Venus		
<i>Kalom</i> ..	Apologies to Maurice Chevalier		
<i>King</i>	Bold and Brave		
<i>Kline</i>	Flat face		
<i>Lapin</i>	Joint beater		
<i>Leikind</i>	Intellect		
<i>Matcovitch</i>	The coal miner		
<i>Maxin</i>	Motzas and Schmaltz		



PALAMON AND ARCITE

(Continued from page 7)

just come along with old Uncle One-Eye and he'll show you some babies that would give a wooden Indian palpitation of the heart." If ever a man was more loath to leave a jail, that man was Arcite.

For a whole year he pined away, losing weight and gaining whiskers, until he couldn't even recognize himself. As he was gazing at the stranger in the mirror one morning, a brilliant idea struck him like a flash of lightning. If he couldn't even recognize himself, how was anybody else going to do it? Such being the case, why shouldn't he go back to Athens in disguise and try to win the fair Emilia? As the thought is the mother of the deed, the noonday sun saw our friend Arcite on the high road to Athens accompanied by a faithful servant who was in on the deal.

Meanwhile, Palamon sat in his prison tower, dreaming of the day when his sworn friend Arcite should come back with a Theban regiment and show King Theseus the way out, and incidentally give him the fair Emilia for a bride.

Arcite arrived in Athens, met the king's steward, set him up to a few drinks, and secured a position as Emily's chamberlain. He came, He saw, He conquered. That's the kind of man he was. For five long years he held his position, and was getting along famously. If he kept up the good work for ten more years, he might be able to kiss her hand.

Things might have gone on so indefinitely, had not Palamon's guard gone to sleep and left the cell door open, like a very good fellow. Palamon needed no persuasion, and lit out for the tall timber immediately. That same morning Arcite decided to take a stroll through these same woods, and the inevitable hap-

pened. He came face to face with his old pal, Palamon.

"Well, well. If it isn't the duke himself. It's a fine friend you have turned out to be. Here you have been hanging around here five years and haven't even done a thing to help me get out of jail, let alone helping me to win Emily for my wife, which you are in duty bound to do. Don't lie to me. I saw you from my tower window, you lowdown snake in the grass. I ought to wring your neck."

"Yeah? You and who else?" snapped Arcite.

And so one word led to another and soon they were going at it tooth and nail. As the fates would have it, King Theseus came riding along, with his beagles, and his women folks, hunting a fox. He saw the fight and rode over hastily to see what it was all about. When he saw who the two scrappers were, he was of a mind to put them both out of their misery, but Emilia just couldn't bear the thought of bloodshed. She turned her big blue eyes on him and told him to think of something else.

No sooner said than done. His eyes lit up and he put on a big smile and came out with this proposition.

"I've noticed that you boys have a lot of talent, so why can't we make a little something out of this. Now both of you go away for one year and come back again, each with a hundred fighting men, and we'll hold a battle royal. I'll build a stadium that will make the Roman coliseum look like a back yard. It ought to bring in three million shekels at least. The terms will be that the winner gets the girl and the loser gets the gate. Now what could be fairer than that?"

"Okay with me," they replied with one voice."

Now, we'll skip a year.

The day of the battle dawned bright and fair. King Theseus had been true to his word, and had built a stadium big enough to give an army fighting room, and the bleachers were fast turning black with the customers. The betting was running high, but the odds were even. Mars was betting heavily on Arcite, while Venus covered the bets, dollar for dollar. Old man Saturn held the money.

The battle started promptly at ten A. M. and at sundown it was still going strong. And what a battle! Can you imagine one hundred fights• two hundred fighters going at it, with no rules to hamper the action? Everything goes and everything went. In the middle of it all, Palamon and Arcite were going at it strong, when suddenly an axe bounced off the back of Palamon's cranium, and he went out for the count.

According to the agreement laid down by King Theseus, Arcite won the contest. He rode up to the king to receive his reward, amid a shower of applause, cushions, popbottles, and many other things, among which was a pineapple which some dissatisfied customer threw to give voice to his feelings. It exploded right under him, and all but killed him. Even at that, there wasn't much left of him. However, he lived long enough to hold his fair Emily's hand and commend her to his brother in arms, the faithful Palamon.

He was buried in true Athenian style, with fireworks, games, free eats and drinks, which the populace consumed with relish.

One year later, when the mourning period was over, Emily and Palamon celebrated the nuptials and lived happily ever after.

S. JACOBSON.

Every blade of grass is a study;
and to produce two
where there was but one
is both a profit and a pleasure.



EXCHANGES

ISADORE LEFLOVITZ

Wissahickon, Roxborough High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

What We Think of Them:

The most interesting department in your magazine is the "Alumni"; not so much the contents but in the way it is written. The literary was most enjoyable, especially the one-act play, "A Free Soul". We think that if your jokes concerned some of your students they would be appreciated.

What They Think of Us:

Your literary department is most unusual, the stories being somewhat of an abstract nature. Why not use poetry? The Athletic Department is very complete. Your humor is good and the clever "cuts" aid the attractiveness of the book.

The Southron, South Philadelphia High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

What We Think of Them:

The Southron is a magazine which we find hard to comment upon. It is bubbling over with good things and is interesting from cover to cover. All your departments are running close in the race for perfection. "Navy Tonic" by A. S. is worthy of praise. Only one thing lacks, namely, poetry.

What They Think of Us:

In your December issue I find that your sports come before everything. Although you have reason to feel proud of your teams please remember that athletics are usually placed further back than the front page. A puzzle page

would help. However, your athletics are well written and your literature is worthy of much praise.

The Index, Haverford School, Haverford, Pa.

"The Islander" was one of the best stories I ever read in a school magazine. With impatience I await the next installment. "School Notes" usually do not interest the outsider but it is a pleasure to read them in *The Index*. We would suggest an enlargement of all the departments except literary.

Lincoln Log, Lincoln High School, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Lincoln Log is truly the work of its school and its students. I always seek the poems first. They are elementary but they are good. Why not have an exchange column. Some jokes would also be appreciated.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
Academe, Drury High School, North Adams, Mass.

Blue and Gold, Concordia Institute, Yonkers, N. Y.

Blue and Gold, Conshohocken High School, Conshohocken, Pa.

The Aggazette, Farmingdale, N. Y.

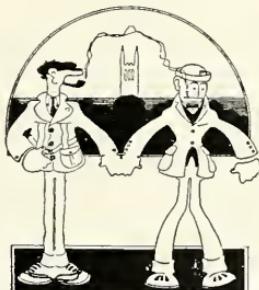


Our Little Jokes



Papa Poole—"Eugene, why are you always at the bottom of your class?"

E. Poole—"It really doesn't matter, papa. We get the same instructions at both ends of the class."



Tex—"What was the absent-minded school ma'am arrested for?"

Olanoff—"Driving across an intersection against the policeman's sign."

Tex—"Didn't she see him with his hands raised?"

Olanoff—"Yes, but she thought he was asking permission to leave his post."

Goldman—"Oh doctor! I feel so ill." Doctor—"Your temperature is normal. Your pulse is exact."

Goldman—"Well, doctor, is my tongue coated?"

Doctor—"No sir, one never finds moss on a fast moving object."



I. Goodman—"What was that piece of paper I saw you studying a few minutes ago?"

"Horse" Metzner—"A doctor's prescription, but it was hard to make out."

I. Goodman—"I bet any jackass could read it."

"Horse"—"All right, you tell me what it is."



Klein—"Can I borrow a cigarette?"
Wiggins—"You ought to be able to,
you've had enough practise."



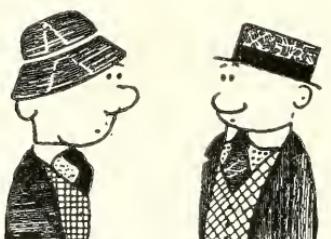
Mink—"May I have the last dance
with you?"
Ada—"You've just had it."

Mr. Schmeider—"When was the Re-
vival of Learning?"
Lanky Portnoy—"Just before the
exam."

H. Harris—"I vas fighting wit a
feller lest wik end I got a goot sock in de
synagogue."

Slabodnick—"De synagogue? Vich
synagogue was dat?"

H. Harris—"I got hit in de temple."



Wallack—"I've found a wood that is
the same after burning as before."

Eversole—"Impossible, what is it?"

Wallack (preparing to run)—"Why,
Ash, of course."

Benn—"They turned the X-ray on
my brain and found nothing."

Weitzman—"Well, what else could
you expect."

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